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PORTAGE CO. OFFICIAL REGISTER.

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For size Aaror and becauty, it took the lead of all our standard varieties, and we believe it will yet become one of the most peoplar Grapes.

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NEW California Meat Market! WE have opened in the room in Mechanics Block, recently occupied by E. H. Wait She knew n of if he were living or

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> Valuable Farm for Sale! For particulars, call on or address. I. T. SIDDALL, Raverna, D. sick, and almost longing to die.

A Song of the Out of Sasson. STOP AND SEE In valleys fragrant with the breath of May The helfers scamper and the califets stray, And loud-lunged frogs grunt evening rounds

WHEN FORTUNE FROWNED.

But if you were to loose your fortune,

Evelyn? There is nothing on earth more uncertain than riches, for they

ake to themselves wings and fly away;

and once bereft of fortune, do you be-

lieve that Arthur Darley would retain

the same sentiments for you as now,

when you are surrounded by all that wealth can furnish to make life pleas-

Evelyn Archer shrugged her graceful

"Dear me, Aunt Emma," she cried

carelessly, "I do not pretend to say; but I believe that Mr. Darley's regard

Evelyh's fair face grew crimson.

She bent her head to remove a knot from the embroidery-silk with which

she was assiduously embroidering sear-

let poppies upon a velvet cushion, and made no reply.

"He is so noble and upright," continued her sont "and....."

"So poor!" sneered Evelyn.
"Yes. desr, he is poor; but with his

talents, in his profession, there is room for him to rise, and I believe he will. There is no doubt of his ultimate suc-

cess. Evelyn, if Lawrence Lyell asks

fuse him?"
"I have done so already, Aunt Em-

mentons question last night at Mrs.

Lee's reception, and I gave him his

Mrs. Harwood looked grave, but was

too wise to venture any further remon-

strances. Just then the door-bell rang,

Evelya, looking very pretty in her

dress of gray silk, with pink roses in her golden hair, flitted downstairs to

When she returned, a splendid dia-

"Yes, auntie," she eried gaily in re-

ponse to her aunt's questioning glance;

"I pray God that you may never re-

Evelyn was an orphan, and Mrs. Har-

They lived in the same house, and

both were fortunate in possessing a large

share of this world's goods; and Mrs. Harwood, being a childless widow, looked upon her niece as her own

Time passed. Arthur Darley was ever

at the side of his betrothed wife; but

'the die is cast! I am betrothed to Ar-

gret it," returned her aunt, as she kiss-

nond glittered upon the forelinger of

and Mr. Darley was announced.

the drawing-room to receive him.

thur Darley.

daughter.

ed the girl tenderly.

was her truest friend.

inued her aunt, "and-

From slender sprays the tuneful thrush is heard,
The dappied meads with flowers are dispered,
The soul of youth to summer suits is stirred,
The birds sing blither, skies wear fairer hues,
But man, alas, no more stps cyster stews. The hills of heaven, the hights of morning hark,
Tranced by the carol of the heaven-voiced lark;
The peeter woos the nursemaid in the park,
The air is full of summer-singing motes.
The Hariem gleams with lightning-passing hoats.

And Shantyville bemoans her glut of goats, And sweet as young love is the zephyr's flaw, But, well-a-day, where is the oyster raw?

y fills the fibres of the budding tree, Joy his the hores of the budding tree,
Wrapping its limbs with vernal drapery,
And hufant Summer rides on Springtide's knee.
The heart of youth for colblers inly yearns,
When as the gracious season beats and burns,
The tawny Tuscan at his organ turns;
The faint winds sigh, a breath from Dreamland's coast.

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THE PILES OF NEW

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No. 3 PHENIX BLOCK!

Gerits' Suitings, Furnishing Goods,

substantial than my fortune."
"I trust so, Evie," returned Mrs. Har-Hats and Caps. wood kindly. "Perhaps I am prejudie-ed against him, and besides, I do so Which will be sold as low as any other estabwish that you could care for Lawrence

Custom Work! The Custon a Department will continue under

P. FLATH. Ravenna, Feli mary 29, 1888,

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tind, quick growing tree for the laws while the fruit is valuable for table use. By mail 2 to 18 luch size, 15 cents each, \$1,5? per dexou THE WAGER PEACH.-This is, without ex-

THE WAGER PEAGH.—This is, without ex-ception, the least and richest Peach we are ac-quainted with, for table use and canning pur-poses. It is all good size, reliow skin, and flesh as yellow as gold: thick meated, small pis, very hardy, and one of the most abundant beavers of any sort known. It repreduces its if every time from the pit. One year old week, by express, 2 so 3 feet, 25 ceuts cach; \$2,50 per comes. I awrence Lyell, the handsome young lawyer, who had made an impression upon the hearts of one-half the young ladies in the town, had disappeared, and no one seemed to know whither he had gone.

One morning, when Evelyn came coay breakfast-room, she found Mrs. Harwood there before her, pale and anxious, with a telegram in her hand. She glanced up as Evelyn entered, and the piteous look on her white face went straight to the girl's heart. "Good Heavens, auntie!" she cried.

springing forward, "what has happen-Mrs. Harwood pointed to the chair at

"Sit down, dear, and drink a little coffee," she said. "There, that is right," as Evelyn obeyed her, and swallowed the contents of a tiny egg-shell cup.
"Now listen. You are stronger, and can bear it better. Evic, we are ruined. The N- Bank has suspended, and you know the consequences to us."

Evelyn Archer's face grew slowly pal-

lid. Yes, she knew too well; for all her own fortune, as well as her aunt's was invested—in stocks and actual deposit -in that institution. The house they lived in must be sold to pay debts which had carclessly allowed to accumulate, and ruin stared them in the face. We pass over the trying scenes which followed. Even jewels and wardrobe

were sacrificed, and with the small sum of money left them after the catastrophe, Evelya and Mrs. Harwood rented a small cottage, and applied for music scholars; for out of the general wreck Evelyn had managed to save her piano, that with it she might be able to carn enough to keep them from actual star-

vation All this time she had not heard word from her betrothed husband, though he was in town, and of course knew all that had occurred, and the fearful reverse which had come to the

poor girl. So, stung by his neglect, at last Evelyr wrote him a cold note, and enclosing the engagement-ring, told him that he was free. He made no objection, offered no re-youstrance, and she knew him at last to the fortune-hunter that he really

Di I her thoughts ever revert to the man , vient she had rejected for the sake of Arth ur Darley? Yes, s be thought of him constantly. and as the days went by she gradually grew to at last that her heart had gone over into the keeping of Lawrence

Lyell.

Time passed. Winter came-cruel, relentless winter and Mrs. Harwood and her niece began to know the mean-SAUSAGES, &c. ing of the dread wor d poverty.
One by one the mu the scholars dropped off, and one day the two women woke to the awful truth that they were

So Eyelyn sacrificed her 'grand plano,' and on the proceeds they managed to struggle along for a time.

Harwood fell ill, and it seemed to Evelyn as though God had forgotten them. She sought for work-any hor test em-

for a moment, then, inviting her into the hall, went in quest of the lady. A footfall on the marble floor made Evolyn glanco up, and she saw coming-towards her—could it be possible? awrence Lyell. All the blood forsook her face as he sazed upon her with incredulous wonder; then he sprang forward and extended his hand. "Miss Archer!" he exclaimed, "this is ndeed a surprise." Before she could frame a reply the sercant returned.

"Mrs. Lycil says that she will see you," he announced briefly. 'Evelyn's heart beat fast and furious, and thenland's coast, But mortal tooth devours not oyster roast. from bud and bough the bluebirds leap and sunk like a stone in her breast. call,
The elm puts on its leafy coronal,
The New York's beat the Bostons at base ball.
With love and longing earth and sky are great,
The sun smiles gayly from his sbining state,
Young lovers swing the beauty burdened gate,
And breath soft whispers 'neath ove's gentle Mrs. Lyell! Then of course he was married; some heiress probably, for the bouse was superb. Married and God help her! she loved bisn with all herheart. In that moment of suffering Star; But oysters shun mild May, the mouth without on R. Evolyn Archer realised the meaning of

the word restribution.

She stood unable to speak then, Mr. Lyell led her into a pretty rose-colored boudoir, he held her hands fast in his, and gazed lenderly into her face. "Evelyn!" he cried, "what is wrong? I have just returned from the country where I have made my home. I an with my brother and his wife, this is their house, and -oh, Evelyn: my dar-

For she had burst into a flood of tears with her head upon his shoulder.
So it all came out right after all. Of course Evelyn married Lawrence Lyelf. and they took Mrs. Harwood to their elegant home; for Lawrence had inherited a large fortune, and was more wealthy now than Evelyn herself had for me is based upon something more ever been. covering a period of over fifty years, lest it should be published after my death and bring suffering to any. I wish all the letters that I have written

Among Storm Clouds. The writer was one of a half dozen persons who took refuge one Sunday evening in a little observatory on Look-out Mountain Point during a fearful storm. Entranced with the sceneri east of the mountain, and part of the time shut off by the wooded summit from glance at the west, a hideous storm cloud had gathered unobserved by us, and was rushing its frightful proportions toward our place of refuge. It was rolling on with awful rapidity. We could not retrace our footstips and escape. Our only hope for shelter was in the ob-servatory. We entered. Just think of it! Six persons seeking safety from a storm in a small 16x20 frame house you to be his wife, are you going to refuse him?"

"I have done so already, Aunt Emhow I shuddered and shrunk down with ma," returned the girl coldly. "He horror when I clanced at the comi tornado through one window, then cross take a fool botton to ride an' walk at ed the room to another and looked down, de same time, yer'll see me harness up down, through the tops of trees to the foot of that mighty precipice and con-

templated being overturned by the raging elements. Thunder pealed terrific blast after blast, until the hugh rocks beneath us seemed to quiver at the grating sound: In another mement the cloud swept over the mountain beyond and the valley beneath, then around the brow of Lookout, below our refuge, like a vast mpent ocean. The forests bowed before it. The rumbling, crashing, roar-ing din sounded like an avalanche of worlds. For awhile we were literally above the storm, but the clouds at length gushed around the observatory, filling our room full of dense vapors through a broken window, and death to our en sire party seemed incyltable. The wind howled about us and lashed our frail refuge with brush, huge limbs, sticks and vood, her dead mother's only sister, other things which it buried up from the west side of the mountain. Gale after gale struck the building, and harder and harder each dashed, until the creaking timbers seemed to portend our early plunging, house and all, two thousand feet down through the mighty, convulsed ocean of cloud and air. The fierce, raging storm gradually coased, and just at sunset, though the rain still poured, we started down to the city. For a half mile along the mountain top we drove through

clouds which seemed to us to be fairly melting into sheets of water .- A Woman A young lady in St. Louis became dissatisfied with her beautiful natural teeth because they were not just according to the latest fancy in both. She had a dentist take the upper ones out and make her a set. Her sweatheart was getting a set also, and the dentist gave him the natural ones he had taken from the jaws of his tady-love. They both thought it was un awfully cuta thing. Swell people usually order their teeth made with some defect or a gold plug or two in them.

The Late Bishop Peck a Victim of a Gollege Boys' Prank. enburg-Strelitz came over to be mar-The recent mortal exit of the late Rev. Bishop Peck recalls an incident that made national mirth at his expense over thirty years ago; a clever trick of the undergraduate boys of Dickinson College, perpetrated soon after his accession to the Presidency of that institu-tion. The new distinguished Moneure D. Conway, then a Methodist preacher in prospect, has the traditional credit of being one of the devisers of the scheme. In the Spring of 1849 the Baltimore Methodist Conference held its annual session in Staunton, Va., the seat of one of the three State lunatic asylums,-While President Peck was on his way to the conference, the young rascals in and I will be there as soon as you," rethe college wrote a letter to the Superintendent of the Staunton Asylum stating that a lunatic had escaped from confinement in Pennsylvania, a very large man, very bald-headed, with great, round, staring blue eyes, whose special form of mania was that he was a Methodist preacher and President of Dickinson College. It was thought that he had gone to Staunton to attend the conference to which he fancied he and title of "Dr. Peck." The friends of this unfortunate gentleman would be exceedingly obliged to the Staunton Superintendant if he would watch the cars, and, if the individual described made his appearance, quietly take charge of him and keep him under asylum restraint till some friend could get to him. All charges for his detention would be promptly met. The Superin-

tendent was on hand at the time indi-cated, singled out his man readily, and one at the age of eighteen and the other cated, singled out his man readily, and courteously addressed him: "Dr. Peck, I believe?" "Yes, sir." "President of Dickinson College?" "Yes, sir." "I have a carriage in waiting for you."—"You are very kind," said the unsuspecting stranger, as he took his seat in the vehicle, and was forthwith whirted off to the lunatic limbo, where he would limbo, where he would be a superside the superside that they went to see Hampton Court. As have been incarcerated as a dangerous maniae, if the preachers of the conference had not interfered. ence had not interfered and assured the incredulous keeper of the Old Dominion cranks that the Falstaffian doctor was as sane as the average of humanity and only the victim of a ridiculous hoax.— Troy Times. A Boston milliner carns \$2,500 a year

and her husband stays at home and keeps house. That's the kind of a wife to have, and by the way, that's the kind ployment—sought early and late. heart- of a husband to have, when you want a painter, and died a sculptor.

One day she ascended the marble steps Whittier Burns His Lettera of an elegant mansion, and ringing the A New Yorker who recently visited Mr. Whittier at Danvers says in a letter bell, asked to see the mistress of the house. For she had determined to beg to a friend: "Mr. Whittier usually for assistance rather than see her aunt leaves Boston for Amesbury about the for assistance rather than see her aunt st of April and then retires to Danvers The footman eyed her suspicionsly or the summer. His country home is about a mile from the railroad station. found the poet in a small room retired from the main part of the house and sur-rounded by his books and papers. His tall form is slightly bowed with age, but he retains all his old-time courtesy to strangers. He alluded to his correspondence, which was so large as to make irksome drafts upon his time and patience. Since Longfellow and Emerson died, said be, 'Dr. Holmes and I have received much of their fugitive correspondence, which, added to our own, sometimes proves a serious burden. Dreceive letters daily from Portland, Me, to Portland, Ore., from misses in their teens, to boys in college. They send me their verses with a request that I attend to the publication and remit them the proceeds from time to time. The most, however, under various disguises, entreat my autograph, a request would grant more willingly if I knew them. As to my health, I cannot com-plain; I have never been able to do protracted work, owing to severe neuralgic pains in my head, from which I have suffered since I was a boy. Unfortunately, I have promised considerable work to the publishers, and this prom-ise, unperformed, weighs like an incu-bus upon my spirits.' In discussing the recently published correspondence of Mrs. Carlyle and of Carlyle and Emerson, Mr. Whittier said: 'Carlyle seems to have had none of the milk of human kindness in his veins. His letters show a side of his character which none of his intimate friends suspected. It would have been better for his reputation if they had never been published. Infact so strongly have they affected myself that I have set to work and destroyed

> could be treated in the same manner." Plantation Pleasantries. Ef it's a sin ter b'leve dat its wrong ter pay stout young swells two dollars a day ter sponge roun and beg money fur de church from men dat perspires ten hours a day fur lifty cents, an has families ter support, I 'specfully ax ter ba 'membered in yer prats. . I ain't 'posed ter dese young doctors 'sperimentin' wif dead folks, but I dun-no but it mout be 'visible to stop em fum

the major part of my correspondence,

projec'in wil de live uns. Who sin't hit a big snake on de head Yo' now an' kili a little one la No 'lociped peddlera needn't 'ply at dis cabin. When I straddle a saddle it ain't wif de 'spectation ob makin' my ole legs de de canterin'. El I ebber a bean pole an' play circus wif de

When I hear a nigger wif soun' teef he like mush 'cause he don't have ter chaw it, I feel dat I is man enough ter tote all de rails dat he'll split in one

Po' manager dat bankrup' in dis conn try of he know how ter tan dog skins an' make oloves. Yer can't judge de farm by de fiel' dat lays next ter de big road.

Ef yer frion' can't stan' prosperity 'vise him to go skurity fur somebody. When a Jew offers ye' a forty-dollar coat fur four dollars and a half, ye'd

better step 'roun' de corner an' ax de doctor what it eos' a man ter git eured of de smallpox 'to' yer jump at dat bargain. Nebber too had a night fur a party or prar meetin'. Ef ye' kin 'press it on de African min dat chery bottle foun' lyin' roun' sin't boun' ter hab whisky in it, ye'll see less in de papers 'bout cullud gentlmans a

snicidin' demselves .- Texas Siftings. Seven Stories of Noted Women. Two ladies contended for precedence in the court of Charles V. They appealed to the monarch, who, like Solonon, awarded, 'Let the eldest go first.' Such a dispute was never known after

One of the principal graces of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, was a prodi-gious abundance of fine hair. One day at her toilet, to anger her heroic lord, she cut off her commanding tresses and lung them in his face.

Nollekins, the sculptor, was a para gon of parsimony. In his own house candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening, and whenever he and his wife heard a knock at the door, they would wait until they heard a second rap before they lit the candles, lest the first should have been "run-away," and their candles should When the Princess Charlotte of Meck-

ried to George III., she was ten days at sea, but kept gay the whole voyage, sung to her harpsichord, and left the cabin door open. When she first eaught sight of St. James' Palace she turned pale. The Duckess of Hamilton smiled. "My dear Duchess," said the Princess, "you may laugh. You have been mar-ried twice, but it is no joke to me." Whilst Frederick Morel, the great scholar and eminent printer, was empleyed on his edition of "Labanius" ong day, he was told that his wife was suddenly taken ill. "I have only two or three sentences to translate, and then I will come and look at her." A second message informed him that she was dy-"I have only two words to write, plied the philosopher. At length he was fold that his wife was dead. "I am very sorry for it, indeed," said he, going on with his work, "she was a very hon-

est woman." The marriage of Racine was an act of penauce—neither love nor interest had any share in the union. His wife was a good sort of woman, but perhaps the most insensible of her sex, and the most proper person in the world to mortify the passion of literary glory and the mo mentary exultation of literary vanity. It is scarcely credible, but most certain ly true, since her own son relates the fact, that she had never seen acted, nor ever read, nor desired to read, the tragedles which rendered her husband celebrated throughout Europe. She had only learned some of their titles in con-Maria and Elizabeth Gunning, who

selves. The younger of the fair sisters became the Duchess of Hamilton; the other became Lady Coventry.

A witty Frenchman said of Gustave Dore that he was born a poet, grew into he's got a great deal ob de dog about have received rich gifts from his bounty.

Bos. Platherekite lives on Pitch avenue. Last week Mr. Erudite, a Harvard student, paid her a visit. She told him to stay a moath. He consented. She telegraphed to Vasear College fee her daughter Grace to come flown immediately. Mist Grace same. Mrs. B. wanted Mr. Erudite to become her semin-law. Mr. Erudite was bashful, but thought he could. Mrs. B., knowing the worth of svidence should he ever back out, and a breach of prefinise anback out, and a breach of preinise en-sue, told the maid to keep a sharp eye on Mr. Erudite and Grace. The maid

Billing and cooing noted by maid.

Mrs. B. to maid: "What does Mr. Erudite say to Miss Grace when they

meet in the morning?"

Maid to Mrs. B.: "He says, ma'am, 'have more tea.' I think the poor young gentleman isn't right in his head, maam. He says 'have more tea' so often to Miss Grace. Here's a card, ma'am, that he put under her door yesterday morning, but he spells so odd. He has no a in his tea."

"Give me that eard. Dear me, what does it mean? 'Ame te, amo te.' Surely, that's Greek. Happy thought. I'll ask Prof. Buchsmeller what it means when he comes to give Grace her Latin les-

Mr. Buchsmeller is a graduate of Heidelberg. Is dead in love with Mrs. Blatherskite. Never told her so. Never told her husband so.

Mr. Buchsmeller rings. Mrs. B. takes him into the back parlor and hands him the card with ome to on it.

Mr. Buchsmeller throws his arms around the neck of Mrs. Blatherskite and gives her 392 kisses. He exclaims: "My cup of happiness is filled. My love, my darling, let us leave this very day—fly on the wings of love and leave your pig and husband—" VL.

Mr. Blatherskite comes home early. Meets Mr. Erudite in the dining-room. Both walk up to the parlor. Both wit-ness the tableau. Mrs. Blatherskite fainta

The gentleman from Heldelberg jumps through the window snipus hat sans

Mrs Blatherskite is served with a summons and complaint in divorce pro-Mr. Erndits goes back to Harvard s

-New York World. When to Look for Burglam.

do a job in?" The reporter acknowledged that he "Well, I'll tell you," said the pro-fessor. "Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning, particularly if the night is black. People sleep soundest in the hour just before daylight. Tou can go through a big house easy in an hour and scoop everything, from the jewelry in the secret safe above the mantel to in the secret sale above the mantal to the six-shooter and gold super (watch) under the boss's pillow. And this brings us to our first lesson, which will show you how to get into a house. There are three ordinary ways of doing this: by the doors, by the lewer windows and by the windows on the upper floors. If the upper windows are to be worked,

"Now, do you know the best time

all you have to do is to climb the porch push up your window and orawl in. Never try to do anything without a part-ner. Leave your shoes with him on the lookout below. You will want a light, nd you may use either matches, a candle-end or a bull's-eye lantern. The bit of candle is the best to use. Its light will not wake a sleeper. Then prosecute your work as judgment dictates, being sure to search the open places first and the drawers next."—St.

Louis Post-Disputch. Telegraph or Telephone. Despite the fast that recent experiments have demonstrated the possibility of telephoning over long circuits, it is to be doubted if the instrument will be used otherwise than locally. It is too sensitive to induction, to atmospheric electricity, and to grounds for cire ceeding a few miles in length. The ex-periments have been tried under the best not under the worst conditions, and through a complete metallic circuit in other words, a double line. It is hardly possible for the telegraph business of two large cities to be conducted by telephone by the senders of messages themselves, for five hundred wires

might not suffice to prevent a block in

busy hours, and merchants could not

and would not wait. To operate telephones as the tele-graph is now used would be equally im-practible. Even were the instruments as little liable to disorder as the Morse, the greater danger of errors would weigh against them. There is no system of signals as clear as the present
Morse code as interpreted by the "sounder." Each letter of a word is given,
and ordinarily good operators seldem
err in the record. By telephone it is the
sound of a word, and not its vowels and consonants, which the operator receives, and a mistake can easily happen even under the best conditions. It is to be doubted, too, if the rapidity of transmission by telephone, where the measage had to be written down at the receiving station, would even approximate that o the Morse system. Proper names, scientific terms, and phrases in a foreign language, etc., would have to be carefully spelled out, and even then would fall wide of accuracy.

By the Morse system good operators will receive at the rate of forty-five words a minute, which is almost the limit of rapid penmanship, and will often take a 2,000 word message without once interrupting the sender. The lines, too, will work in the heaviest weather, and are only interfered with by serious elec-trical storms, or by actual accident to the wires. Again, by the quadruplex system, four messages can go at once over one wire, while the long distance telephone requires two wires for one message. All in all, there seems to be but listle prospect of the present series of experiments resulting in a practical good, however gratifying from a scientific standpoint.—N. Y. Bun.

Plantation Philosophy. Dew drops is de tears eb night. It's tryin' ter be interesting' in conversation dat makes a liar outen many and haffed a passing cab. - New York

De appetito ob man an' de vanity eb I has looked aroun' considerable, an'

him. - Arkansaw Traveler.

A Thrilling Experience.
Two young Englishmen sailed together on board a Cunard steamer from
Liverpool for New York a short time

Six months, in advance,

Liverpool for New York a short time age. They had never met before, but they happened to come together in the first evening on board, and finding that they had a great deal in common, soon became something more than mere acquaintances. It was a rough passage, and they were seldem able to get on deck, so they spent most of their time playing scarte. It was between the deals of one of their games, and the one who was sitting on the bunks (whom we will call Mr. A.) was shuffling the cards, when both became aware that a third

when both became aware that a third person was standing at the cabin door looking at them. "Good God, Jack!" exclaimed Mr. B.

"Good God, Jack!" excisimed Mr. B. jumping up from his couch; "how on earth did you get here?"

The figure at the door said nothing, but quietly turned around and walked away again. The boat was rolling badly, and when B. had done tumbling over the portmanteau and had made his way to the door some few seconds had clapsed. A. was naturally somewhat astonished at the mysterious interruption and the way his friend had treated it, so he threw the cards on the bed, and, hanging on to the door, scrambled out after him. When he got into the passage he saw B. standing some ten yards off looking up and down in a bewildered kind of way, and nobody else in sight.

"Who was it?" asked A., as the other came slowly back to him after question.

came slowly back to him after question-ing the steward. "I have not seen him on board before." "He was my brother, and he is not on

board," was the startling answer. "I left him in Liverpool, and I know he ean't have come away."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow; it must have been some one of the passengers. I certainly don't believe it was your brother. He was as utterly unlike you as one man can be unlike another. He was tall and you are short, he was fair and you are dark, he was stout and you are slim, and your faces are completely

"Yes, I know. I call him my brother but he is really my half-brother. His name is C., and we are totally unlike each other. But that man was my halfbrother, Jack C., as sure as I am stand-

well, there was no more coarte that afternoon; none of the officers or passengers had seen anyone answering to the description of the supposed C., and he never appeared again until they he never appeared again until they reached New York.

When they Isuded, B. found a cable message telling him that his half-brother was dead.

Now, so far, this incident was not dif-

terest from a score of others which have been reported and published at various times; and, beyond the fact that the ap-parition was seen clearly by two persons, it supplies no further evidence of the "doubles" than has been adduced over and over again. But there was a sequel to this which lends a ghastly circum-stantiality to the whole affair, and makes

it very hard to laugh the matter off as a mere eptical illusion.

A. leet sight of B. entirely, a few days after arriving in America. While the former went West at once, the latter stayed in New York three or four days and then recrossed to England. Two years had passed before A. went back again, and he had pretty well given up puzzling over the mystery, when one day as he was walking along Piccadilly he saw the man who had appeared in the state-room that day coming to meet

"Pardon me, sir," he began, "is not your name C.P' "Yes," was the answer, "my name is C., but I must confess you have the ad-

vantage ever me."
"I dare say. I only saw you once before, and that was on board the steamship Papua in mid Atlantic." "Good heavens! Then your name is A., and you were with my half-brother, Charlie B., when he saw Jack. No, that

was not I—that was my brother. were exactly alike, and were continually being taken for one another. Charlie is utterly different—but then Jack and I took after our fathers. I wish you would turn in kere," he said pointing to a club house close at hand, "and tell me all about the day. You know, of course, that Jack died that very afternoon?" Oh, yes, A. knew it well enough but the horrible difficulty was this: He had never seen Charlie B. until he met him on board ship, and had never seen either the brothers C. at all. The only knowledge which he had of their features, or could have, was from that one short glimpse on board ship. Whom had he seen, then? Scarcely another person altogether, when the remem-brance of his features enabled him to recognize his brother. If it was an op-

one that could so picture a face which he had never seen before; if it was not an optical illusion, what was it?—New York Tribune. Telegraphing the Big End of the Diotion-

tical Illusion it was a very wonde

A man, a little top-heavy, rushed in-te a Sixth avenue telegraph office, seized a telegraph blank and a stub pen with a ball of dried ink on the end, and by propping himself against the counter, managed to write the following:

"Kate, I wen't be home till morning.
"HARRY." "What'll that cost?" said the man, handing the message through the port-hole to the manipulator of electricity.

"Lot me sees Bevon words—fifteen cents. Anything not exceeding ten will cost you fifteen cents to any ad-

dress in the city," answered the operamoney out of you corporations, then," said the man, bracing himself against the counter as he traced on a blank this clear message:

"Incomprehensibility, manufacturers, transcendentalism, Constantineple, concave-convex, Massachusette, assassination, Pennsylvania, importurbability, philoprogenitiveness."

"There string that on your wire and pend her at a 2-40 cait." wild the manufacture of the control of t send her at a 2:40 gait," said the man, with a look of vengeance in his eye.

The operator counted the words, but volunteered the information that there

was no sense in the message.
"I knew there's no sense in it, but Kate'll understand it all the same; she'll know I'm on a drunk anyway when send a message at this hour, whether it's sense or not. I made 'em long on purpose to break the back of your darn-ed machine. Shovel 'em in and start the crank. I'm in for a good time.— Never mind the expense; here's your fiteen cents." And the man ran out

World.

Sir Michael Bass, of England, made will doubtless be remembered longer for his charities than for his broweries. I doan know ob anything dat kin smell In addition to supporting liberally all wus den de corpse ob a fish. sented to the town a fine park, public It ain't de pusson what bows low, dat baths, and a free library, at a cost to is really de humblest. De snake is all himself of \$250,000. To the town of is really de humblest. De snake is all on de groun', but Lawd, how pizen he is.

Now an' den yer sees a dog what looks as dough he's got a great deal ob de man about him, but yer mos' often sees de man what acks as dough he's got a great deal ob de dog about h